

J

DRAWER 28

POETS

71, 2009.025.05422



# Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning with J

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

## Wise Fingers on My Arm

By ESTHER L. JACKSON

*They had said lightly he was not for me,  
But who were they to know the deep canyon of his soul?  
When I had stood upon its rim, alone;  
My doubtful feet causing to roll  
The first pebble on the winding, difficult path.  
That pebble, tiny stone, went quickly downward,  
And I could watch its route with wondering, curious eyes;  
It traced the contours of the canyon's sides  
Like a small thought, cutting  
Its own necessary, relentless swath.*

*I heard it settle, sound its triumphant summons far below  
For me to come.  
With human step more hesitant and slow  
I followed,  
An instinct laid wise fingers on my arm  
To guide my otherwise blundering feet from harm.*





### Homemakers love Ac'cent

Ac'cent is sparkling crystals of pure monosodium glutamate. When used with salt and pepper, this exciting "Third Shaker" does wonders for the natural flavor of foods. For foods lose glutamate (the flavor protein) when shipped, stored, cooked. Ac'cent restores this flavor-essential. Try Ac'cent—you'll never be without it! Special offer: Every package of Ac'cent contains a coupon worth 74¢ to apply on the purchase of this beautiful 4-piece Third Shaker Set.



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"Gourmet" size,  
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and Canada.



**Ac'cent**  
PURE MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE

AMINO PRODUCTS - Division of International Minerals & Chemical Corp., 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill.

Neither has the organization been required to refund much money because of failure to deliver packages. This is true even though the CARE delivery guarantee seems to inspire people to high flights of imagination. One man asked that a package be sent to "the dirtiest man in Berlin." It was so delivered, as well as CARE research could determine. Another donor wanted a package delivered to the "thirteenth 'Dean' in the London telephone directory." This was done also, although the gentleman called for the package in his limousine and with a liveried chauffeur. Other orders included gifts for the "hungry occupants of a thatched cottage" . . . "a redheaded widow who likes cats" . . . "a one-armed postman" . . . "a normal, healthy person, albeit a hungry one," and "a young girl with beautiful features and black hair." Some man wanted a package sent to "a brunette with sensuous lips and coal-black eyes. She is a refugee in Macao, China." CARE tries to oblige, although its distributors don't think many of these requests very funny.

Sometimes the deliveries require real sleuthing. A great many are the results of sentimental impulses on the part of the donors, who can't remember the names of the people they wish to help. Thus a New York couple sent a package to a Roman hackman's license number. He had driven them around Rome when they had visited it on their honeymoon. A World War II veteran sent along a map and these instructions with his order: "Eighty-five kilometers northwest of Paris is this village. I don't remember what it's called, but you can find it if you follow the map. In the village square, right where it's marked on the map, is a bakery. I don't remember the name of the baker, but he has seven daughters. I want the packages delivered to the eldest daughter." Paul French says that is the shortest story he ever read, and one of the best.

Another ex-soldier sent a map of the country around Sedan, directing that packages be delivered to the woman who had done his laundry—he couldn't remember her name. It took CARE three days to find her, but they delivered.

Then there was the celebrated matter of the radio program Heart's Desire. Somebody on the program said that her heart's desire was to send some oranges to a little girl in Poland who needed them to be cured of a rare disease. An orange grower in California heard the program, got the child's name and address, packed the crates of oranges into a commercial airplane and sent them off. In Paris, however, the orange man found that getting into Poland was a highly involved matter under the Red dictatorship.

For weeks he cooled his heels at the Polish Embassy in Paris before he finally thought of CARE. The organization was still operating in Poland under an agreement with the government. Could CARE, asked the orange man, deliver the crates? CARE did deliver the oranges, even though the sick child lived smack on the eastern frontier, within sight of the Soviet Union, and therefore in a district where travelers ordinarily were not encouraged. The CARE man delivered the oranges, in fact, right into the child's mouth. When he got to the village he discovered that nobody there ever had seen an orange, so he peeled one and fed it to the child by hand. Whether the child did indeed have a rare disease, nobody knows; CARE had a job to do and did it. It was one of the

last things it did in Poland before the Reds drove it out.

Paul French, however, admits failure in the case of Paulette Goddard and the donkey. Miss Goddard, touring Europe, had graciously volunteered to distribute some of CARE's gifts in various countries and was doing an outstanding job. "Movie stars," a CARE official said not long ago, "sim-

different packages." CARE thanked Miss Goddard graciously, if with some relief, when the tour was over.

"We just forgot about the donkey," French cut in to explain. "And so, I suppose, did Paulette. She's never checked up."

Besides guaranteeing delivery of a gift—excluding donkeys—CARE also guarantees that the donor will get more for his money by buying and distributing through CARE than he could anywhere else. "If he can't," says Paul French, "we'll go out of business."

French thinks his greatest contribution to CARE has been the business-like way in which he has organized it and the efficiency with which it operates. The big Quaker was as surprised as anybody else when he discovered that he had this talent. He'd had no inkling that he was a good businessman until he was called in to look over the affairs of CARE—this was a year after the war had ended.

Before that, he had spent fifteen years as a newspaperman in Philadelphia and as a United Press correspondent in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and six years in Washington as the representative of the American Friends Service Committee on the National Service Board. The board was the agency that looked after the affairs of conscientious objectors during the war, examining them and assigning them to work acceptable to themselves and the Government. Certainly in none of these activities had French any opportunity to display business ability.

The Friends were one of the twenty-two religious, service and labor groups that organized CARE as a distribution agency. The original idea behind it—that of person-to-person aid—was one that former President Herbert Hoover had been recommending ever since his vast experience in dispensing relief at the end of the first World War. It had proved popular. But its growth had been so rapid that its affairs were in chaos.

CARE had been characterized by its first director, Donald Nelson, the former War Production Board chairman, as a "world mail-order house." It is. But Nelson's tenure had been brief and under the succeeding director, the late Lt. Gen. William N. Haskell, the organization, through no fault of the general, had a difficult time.

The orders poured in; but CARE had multifarious difficulties in getting agreements with various nations, and in setting up distributing agencies in these nations, and there was disagreement among the groups that had founded the agency as to how to proceed. Some wanted more general relief, others insisted on sticking to person-to-person aid. It was under these circumstances that somebody on the Friends committee suggested that French be asked to look into CARE's affairs. Actually, because of the confusion and controversy and consequent discouragement, the founders had liquidation in mind, but they reckoned without their man. To a person with such an enthusiastic hatred for hunger and suffering, CARE was a weapon delivered into his hands by the Lord. French took over, and presently liquidation was forgotten.

French shook CARE up from top to bottom. He installed a system of recording by business machines that saved on time and money. When CARE receives an order now it is recorded and processed so that everybody concerned is informed of it and the order confirmed for the sender. The

(Continued on Page 51)

## ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THE LINCOLNS

By F. B. Jacobs

Old Abe started from Cumberland Gap

West, over country without a map,  
And died in a Kaintuck Indian scrap.

Thomas, his youngest boy, settled down

For a spell, till the growing Elizabethtown  
Choked him, somehow. He poled the brown

Rivers to where there was elbow-room—

And for him the prairieland held no gloom,  
But a cleanliness swept by a mighty broom!

So the trail ran westerly pretty straight—

Hawesville, Jasper, the willow gate  
Of the Sangamon—till after Fifty-eight

It took off east in some sharp new angles,

Toward Washington, where a nation's wrangles  
Called for a woodsman to chop the tangles.

And one responded, not so much have

As that he could never exist "half slave"  
With liberty bred in the blood to crave:

The right for each to possess a soul

And make a marriage and set a goal  
And eat his bannock without a toll.

So young Abe worked till he got that clear;

Then, like his grandpa, the pioneer,  
Set out for another unmapped frontier!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ply love to give things away. Paulette was no exception. She gave away practically everything CARE had in stock in the places she visited, and some things we didn't. She said we could get what we didn't have and it would be all right. So we did and Miss G went on giving happily. As a sort of grand climax to it all, she addressed a group of kids at a French orphanage just outside of Paris and said lightheartedly that CARE would deliver to them the donkey one of the kids had asked for. I suppose you are aware that no donkeys are included in any of our forty-nine

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*Sal Eve Post 2-13-54*

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### Abraham Lincoln

We honor him, our country's president,  
We praise his eager, penetrating mind,  
We rightly laud his stern integrity,  
And love the man because he was so  
kind.

The wood-folk knew him as a gentle  
lad,  
With him their sheltered nests were free  
from harm,  
And village ruffians hesitated lest  
He mete them justice with his brawny  
arm.

A pioneer, he knew the prairie toil,  
He knew the daily labor of the poor.  
His kindly humor warmed the coldest  
heart,  
He welcome was at every cabin door.

One hand he used to serve his fellow  
men,  
The other bore the stern affairs of state.  
A worthy son of this, his country's soil,  
His country loves him, mild, and gaunt,  
and great.

—LELAND B. JACOBS

*The Grade Teacher*  
*Feb, 1938*



### *Lincoln's Tomb at Springfield*

He rests above the town he loved so well,  
Among the lesser dead; yet not as they  
Left lonely in repose, for every day  
The people from the places where they dwell,  
Whether in crowded town or quiet dell,  
In our own land or country far away.  
Come, all their grateful reverence to pay  
To him who lies in peace upon his hill.  
There is much talk today in our land here  
Of selfishness and love of power and greed,  
And sages everywhere to doubts incline.  
Yet, let them take heart; they need not fear  
When people give to gentleness its meed  
And make the humble martyr's tomb a shrine.

—EMMA JADWIN

Reprinted from *The Union Signal*  
February 11, 1961



*Rup.*

THE BOONVILLE ENQUIRER

## Lincoln and His Sainted Mother Inspiration of Poets for Many Years

Abraham Lincoln and his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, have been the inspiration of many poets. On the occasion of each annual meeting of the Boonville Press club on the second Sunday in July at the Nancy Hanks Park at Lincoln City, one or more poems are usually read. The poet for the annual meeting of the Press club for this year will be Mrs. Blanche Hammond Camp of Boonville, who will read an original poem on Abraham Lincoln. Mrs. Camp is the national poet laureate of the National American War Mothers.

Vincent Jahn of Evansville on the occasion of the annual Press club picnic in July, 1932, read his original poem, "The Prayer of Nancy Hanks," and it received great praise. The poem follows:

### "THE PRAYER OF NANCY HANKS" (By Vincent Jahn)

There on yon hill I can see them still  
As the sun bids good-bye to the day,  
As she held him in her tender arms  
His childish form tired from play.  
She is singing to him a lullaby,  
And tho his eyes are too tired to move,  
There's a smile on his face as she kisses him  
Then prays to her Maker above.  
I care not, dear, Lord, that this child of mine,  
Tho part of my soul he be,  
Should ever be rich with silver and gold  
And his lands stretch away to the sea.  
That his slaves number tens of thousands  
And his life be of luxury and ease.  
For Lord—such a life, free from trouble and strife,  
Tends the soul of a man to freeze.  
Just make him a man of the common fold  
A man that others may know  
As a friend in their need and troubles  
With a mind that to anger is slow.  
A man that is upright, honest and true,  
As long as he's suffered to live.  
A man that men may look up to—some day  
That to them inspiration he'll give.  
Her Maker smiled down on that mother and son,  
We know that He heard her prayer.  
For when the evil winds of war and strife  
At the nation's portal did tear,  
He took that son from off the plain  
To stand against the squall,  
And with hand firm and true he knitted the breech  
Without malice, but justice for all.

### Artemus Ward

*Sad Lincoln laughed at Charley Browne  
(A restless lad called Artemus Ward),  
Forgetting his cares and thoughts of war,  
For the gentle jester from a country  
town.*

*The shortened span of the humorist's  
years  
Was filled to the full with kindness;  
And friends were his—more than he  
could count—  
For a man loves life when he knows  
death nears.*

*A wandering printer was he, whose pen  
Was pointed with fun that freely flowed,  
And drew him close to the heart of a  
world  
That never his like may see again.*

*So even in heaven, in glad behalf  
Of Artemus Ward from Maine's pine  
hills,  
The angels themselves must sing high  
praise  
That he could make sad Lincoln laugh.*

ADELBERT M. JAKEMAN

*Boston Herald 2-11-79*

## Maybe So

By ELINOR MINTON JAMES

It should not be forgotten—the  
old Lincoln poem by Clarence F.  
Swift. Lincoln—

"A blend of mirth and sadness,  
smiles and tears,

A quaint knight-errant of the pio-  
neers,

A homely hero, born of star and  
sod,

A peasant prince—a masterpiece of  
God."

A Lincoln fan of Rushville, N. Y.,  
Miss Edith Gooding, who says that  
she is old—though she doesn't  
sound so—and is "less than witch's  
weight," sent me this little Lincoln  
story. Abe once strolling through  
a rural district passed a country  
schoolhouse in full action. He lin-  
gered to peek in a window. A class-  
room having a spelling bee. A lit-

tle girl was stumped—was it an "i"  
or an "e"? She caught sight of  
Lincoln and everything was crystal  
clear. Lincoln was tapping his eye.



THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

[The incidents woven into the following beautiful verses relate to William Scott, a young soldier from Vermont, who, while on duty as a sentinel at night, fell asleep, and, having been condemned to die, was pardoned by the President. They form a brief record of his life at home and in the field, and of his glorious death in defence of the Union.]

'Twas in the sultry summer-time, as war's red records show,  
When patriot armies rose to meet a fratricidal foe;  
When from the North, and East, and West, like the upheaving sea,  
Swept forth Columbia's sons, to make our country truly free.

Within a prison's dismal walls, where shadows veiled decay,  
In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier lay;  
Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short and feverish breath,  
He waited but th' appointed hour to die a culprit's death.

Yet, but a few brief weeks before, untroubled with a care,  
He roamed at will, and freely drew his native mountain air—  
Where sparkling streams leap mossy rocks, from many a woodland font,  
And waving elms and grassy slopes give beauty to Vermont;—

Where, dwelling in a humble cot, a tiller of the soil,  
Encircled by a mother's love, he shared a father's toil—  
Till, borne upon the wailing winds, his suffering country's cry  
Fired his young heart with fervent zeal, for her to live or die.

Then left he all:—a few fond tears, by firmness half concealed,  
A blessing, and a parting prayer, and he was in the field—  
The field of strife, whose dews are blood, whose breezes war's hot breath,  
Whose fruits are garnered in the grave, whose husbandman is death!

Without a murmur he endured a service new and hard;  
But, wearied with a toilsome march, it chanced one night, on guard,  
He sank, exhausted, at his post, and the gray morning found  
His prostrate form—a sentinel asleep upon the ground!

So, in the silence of the night, aweary on the sod,  
Sank the disciples, watching near the suffering Son of God;  
Yet Jesus, with compassion moved, beheld their heavy eyes,  
And, though betrayed to ruthless foes, forgiving, bade them rise!

But God is love—and finite minds can faintly comprehend  
How gentle Mercy, in His rule, may with stern Justice blend;  
And this poor soldier, seized and bound, found none to justify,  
While war's inexorable law decreed that he must die.

'Twas night.—In a secluded room, with measured tread and slow,  
A statesman of commanding mien paced gravely to and fro.  
Oppressed, he pondered on a land by civil discord rent;  
On brothers armed in deadly strife:—it was the President!

The woes of thirty millions filled his burdened heart with grief;  
Embattled hosts, on land and sea, acknowledged him their chief;  
And yet, amid the din of war, he heard the plaintive cry  
Of that poor soldier, as he lay in prison, doomed to die!

'Twas morning.—On a tented field, and through the heated haze,  
Flashed back, from lines of burnished arms, the sun's effulgent blaze;  
While, from a sombre prison-house, seen slowly to emerge,  
A sad procession, o'er the sward, moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,  
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place.  
A youth—led out to die;—and yet it was not death, but shame,  
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his manly frame!

Still on, before the marshalled ranks, the train pursued its way  
Up to the designated spot, whereon a coffin lay—  
His coffin! And, with reeling brain, despairing, desolate—  
He took his station by its side, abandoned to his fate!

Then came across his wavering sight strange pictures in the air:  
He saw his distant mountain home; he saw his parents there;  
He saw them bowed with hopeless grief, through fast declining years;  
He saw a nameless grave; and then, the vision closed—in tears!

Yet once again. In double file, advancing, then, he saw  
Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the law—  
But saw no more:—his senses swam—deep darkness settled round—  
And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's sound!

Then suddenly was heard the noise of steeds and wheels approach,  
And, rolling through a cloud of dust, appeared a stately coach.  
On, past the guards, and through the field, its rapid course was bent,  
Till, halting, 'mid the lines was seen the nation's President!

He came to save that stricken soul, now waking from despair;  
And from a thousand voices rose a shout which rent the air!  
The pardoned soldier understood the tones of jubilee,  
And, bounding from his fetters, blessed the hand that made him free!

'Twas Spring.—Within a verdant vale, where Warwick's crystal tide  
Reflected, o'er its peaceful breast, fair fields on either side:  
Where birds and flowers combined to cheer a sylvan solitude,  
Two threatening armies, face to face, in fierce defiance stood!

Two threatening armies! One invoked by injured Liberty—  
Which bore above its patriot ranks the symbol of the Free;  
And one, a rebel horde, beneath a flaunting flag of bars,  
A fragment, torn by traitorous hands from Freedom's Stripes and Stars!

A sudden burst of smoke and flame, from many a thundering gun,  
Proclaimed, along the echoing hills, the conflict had begun;  
While shot and shell athwart the stream with fiendish fury sped,  
To strew among the living lines the dying and the dead!

Then, louder than the roaring storm, pealed forth the stern command,  
"Charge! soldiers, charge!" and, at the word, with shouts, a fearless band,  
Two hundred heroes from Vermont, rushed onward, through the flood,  
And upward, o'er the rising ground, they marked their way in blood!

The smitten foe before them fled, in terror, from his post—  
While, unsustained, two hundred stood, to battle with a host!  
Then, turning, as the rallying ranks, with murderous fire replied,  
They bore the fallen o'er the field, and through the purple tide!

The fallen! And the first who fell in that unequal strife  
Was he whom Mercy sped to save when Justice claimed his life—  
The pardoned soldier! And, while yet the conflict raged around—  
While yet his life-blood ebbed away through every gaping wound—

While yet his voice grew tremulous, and death dimmed his eye—  
He called his comrades to attest he had not feared to die!  
And, in his last expiring breath, a prayer to heaven was sent,  
That God, with his unfailing grace, would bless our President!



Typical of the whole country, was the day of jubilation observed in the little midwest county-seat of Troy, Miami County, Ohio, on Friday, April 14, 1865. The poster, kept by E. M. Cosley of that place, tells the story of that day, on to the "General Jubilation All Evening."

The Miami Union issue of the next week tells how on Saturday morning, April 15, the news came of Lincoln's death, from a shot fired the night before as that Troy jubilation was ~~still~~ going on. Word went out at once for a meeting in the Court House, at 2 p.m. There a resolution of sorrow was adopted, and a call for another united community service "on t omorrow evening," April 16, "in the Franklin Street Presbyterian church, to express the bereavement which the country has sustained."

One member of this committee of resolutions was J. T. Janvier, the county attorney, and a member of the Presbyterian choir. On that Saturday of the dark news, Mr. Janvier wrote, had put into printed sheets, and that night prepared the choir to lead the people the next evening in singing, the following hymn:

"Yesterday the bells were ringing  
 From their twice ten thousand towers;  
 Yesterday the voice of singing  
 Filled the swiftly passing hours, -  
 Songs of vistory filled the passing hours.

Ah, today the bells are tolling,  
 In their turrets, to and fro,  
 Like the distant thunders rolling,  
 Sounding out their notes of woe, -  
 Death and sorrow fill their tongues with woe.

Yesterday, the sun in splendor  
 Rode amid the heavens' blue swell;  
 On the breezes soft and tender,  
 Swaying banners rose and fell, -  
 Starry banners waving, rose and fell.

But today, the smiling heaven  
 Hides behind a funeral shroud;  
 And a bolt of wrath is driven  
 From its murky thunder-cloud, -  
 No "silver lining" lights that dreadful cloud.

God of grace and consolation, -  
 This, O Jesus, is Thy name;  
 Prince and Savior of our nation,  
 Walk with us amid the flame,  
 In the furnace and amid the flame."

*See brochure entitled "Love"*

A LAMENT.

BY MARY W. JANVAIN.

A voice of mourning on the air from Maine to Mexico  
strand!  
And the Queen West sits, a Niobe, among her prairie-  
lands!  
The Nation mourns her slaughtered Sire, struck down by  
traitor hands.

Our flag droops low; the death bells toll: and ebon  
hangings wave  
In every hamlet, town, and thwart the crowded city's  
pave;  
And all the wide green country seems but as a yawning  
grave.

The cannons' brazen mouths are dumb with grief they  
fain would share:  
But yesterweek their thunders pulsed through all the  
April air,  
When white Peace seemed to walk abroad, and War  
crouched in his lair.

It is as if the sun was struck from out the firmament:  
We wander, blind, in sudden dark, our hearts with an-  
guish rent,  
And whisper with white, quivering lips, "Our murdered  
President!"

Afar below Potomac's tide, on many a battle plain,  
Ere wet with blood, a new baptism hath fall'n—tears  
like rain;  
And stricken soldiers say, "Alas, that Lincoln died in  
vain!"

"In vain!" Ah no! his martyred blood is calling to  
the skies:  
He died that Liberty might live—a Nation's Sacrifice:  
And higher than proud monuments his Memory shall  
rise.

But in that day when God His Justice evenly divides,  
Where shall they stand, who drew the sword—the south-  
ern fratricides?  
And he—the demon traitor foul—where shall the mur-  
derer hide?

Ye sent him forth, the People's chosen child, O mighty  
West!  
Take him—the Nation's Father now—and give him  
peaceful rest,  
"After life's fitful fever," on thy broad and loving breast.

*Lines on Lincoln*

Men learned to know him as he  
was—so brave—  
So gentle when their passions  
rose to flame;  
Whose hand, when others failed,  
was raised to save  
The things which rest above  
earth's praise or blame.

How perfect was his peace when  
fear and hate  
Ruled men as if by some weird,  
mystic powers;  
How sure his faith when idle  
lips did prate  
Of darker signs seen in those  
darkest hours.

Some force was in his strength,  
some nobler past  
Of suffering in his silence and  
his speech;  
Some power was in his splendid,  
perfect heart  
Which e'en the humblest  
found within their reach:

That heart which knew in youth  
grim poverty—  
And felt throughout its days  
wan sorrow's touch—  
Rose through those sad and som-  
ber years to be  
Guilty alone of loving man too  
much!  
—WILSON JEFFERSON.

*Kansas City Journal*  
2-12-22

LINCOLN.

I wonder if she knew the day  
 When first she saw his face  
 That this wee child, this babe of hers  
 Would live to fill the place—  
 So close to men, so full of woe  
 That often in despair  
 The tall gaunt frame in silence knelt  
 While he sought help in prayer.  
 So greatly did he feel the load  
 Of care that others knew,  
 Yet still with steadfast, lasting faith  
 He fought the long war through  
 Until at last came blessed peace,  
 Men ceased to kill and maim,  
 His goal was won, for men were free  
 And none a slave could claim.  
 Not from a mansion did he come,  
 A log hut was his home,  
 And yet he was the greatest man  
 This world has ever known.  
 ELEANORE LIVINGSTONE JESTER.  
 Lafayette.



LINCOLN'S NAME

(An exercise for school celebration of Lincoln's birthday. Each child carries  
a letter forming the name, Lincoln.)

I carry a letter L and it stands for love;  
And a name that is written in glory above;  
A name that is honored on land and sea,  
That Americans love wherever they be.

I have a letter and all may see,  
That it stands for the word, Integrity,  
A word which signifies all that is good,  
In this man's name it is well understood.

And N is my letter, it means nobleness;  
A heart that would listen to all in distress,  
A heart full of honor—so noble a name  
Is scarce ever found in the annals of fame.

My letter stands plain for sweet Charity,  
For such was his nature as all may see;  
So noble and kind—he had charity for all;  
The rich and the poor—the great and the small.

Round O is my letter—it shows what he hated,  
Oppression is always with cruelty mated.  
Oppression his kind heart never could bear.  
From a poor backwoods boy to the President's chair.

L comes again for Liberty standing;  
Our grand Union armies with Lincoln commanding;  
His hand at the helm through the dark years of care;  
And Liberty triumphed, for Lincoln was there.

N comes again; None other like he;  
Honest old Abe, we children love thee.  
Thy birthday we honor this cold winter's day,  
And have invited our parents to hear what we say.

ALL

We salute thee, and praise thee; thy glories we tell;  
A true friend of freedom—a man who could dwell  
In the hearts of all people—the bond and the free,  
Oh, Abraham Lincoln, all children love thee.

—Elizabeth D. Jewett in Iowa Special Days.

*Nebraska Special Day Program, Aug 1913*

Johnson, A.E.

## Lincoln Memorial

There is perhaps only one  
Monument in America; there has  
been

But one canonization in her his-  
tory.

One shrine, the Lincoln Memorial,  
Walk up to it alone when the  
moon

Is a lamp over Washington;  
And if the patient Figure there  
Should benevolently seem to say  
"Howdee, Friend?" in a voice

Broken to immortality,  
Tuning the corinthian columns  
To the glory that was Greece,  
Blending two things belonging to  
the Ages

As the Queen Night wears her  
jewels,

Oh, do not be at all surprised—  
This is America.

A. E. JOHNSON,  
Syracuse University.

44artin





## LINCOLN

BY

A. E. JOHNSON

*I close my eyes and see your slender form  
Taller and trimmer from your tall trim hat:  
With arms outstretched you seem a cruciform  
Over a huge plain, with crosses satiate.  
These are the Dead, of the Russo-American War:  
So vast the acres that the crosses slope  
Sheer to the setting Sun, as if their gore  
Wrote on the very heavens the death of Hope.*

*Your lips are moving, but in no "Address,"  
You shake, as for the Dead who "died in vain"  
In this new Gettysburg: You strive to bless  
The fallen; but groan as from a dreadful pain.*

*Oh, mighty Christ, make this a bugaboo,  
A poet's nightmare—anything but true!*

Photo by Robert W. Johnston



## FIFTY YEARS.

## To-day is the Fiftieth Anniversary of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

[The writer of these resonant stanzas, in which he voices the sentiments and the aspirations of his own race, is a graduate of Atlanta University and pursued his post-graduate studies at Columbia University. He is a member of the Florida Bar, and he has been for seven years in the United States Consular Service, having held the important post of Consul at Corinto during the recent revolutionary movement in Nicaragua.]

O brothers mine, to-day we stand  
Where half a century sweeps our ken,  
Since God, through Lincoln's ready hand,  
Struck off our bonds and made us men.

Just fifty years—a Winter's day—  
As runs the history of a race;  
Yet, as we now look o'er the way,  
How distant seems our starting-place!

Look farther back! Three centuries!  
To where a naked, shivering score,  
Snatched from their haunts across the  
seas,

Stood, wild-eyed, on Virginia's shore.  
Far, far the way that we have trod,  
From heathen kraals and jungle dens,  
To freedmen, freemen, sons of God,  
Americans and Citizens.

A part of His unknown design,  
We've lived within a mighty age;  
And we have helped to write a line  
On history's most wondrous page.

A few black bondmen strewn along  
The borders of our eastern coast,  
Now grown a race, ten millions strong,  
An upward, onward, marching host.

Then let us here erect a stone,  
To mark the place, to mark the time;  
A witness to God's mercies shown,  
A pledge to hold this day sublime.

And let that stone an altar be  
Whereon thanksgivings we may lay—  
Where we, in deep humility,  
For faith and strength renewed may  
pray,

With open hearts ask from above  
New zeal, new courage and new  
pow'rs,  
That we may grow more worthy of  
This country and this land of ours.

For never let the thought arise  
That we are here on sufferance bare;  
Outcasts, asylumed 'neath these skies,  
And aliens without part or share.

This land is ours by right of birth,  
This land is ours by right of toil;  
We helped to turn its virgin earth,  
Our sweat is in its fruitful soil.

Where once the tangled forest stood,  
Where flourished once rank weed and  
thorn,

Behold the path-traced, peaceful wood,  
The cotton white, the yellow corn.

To gain these fruits that have been  
earned,

To hold these fields that have been  
won,

Our arms have strained, our backs have  
burned.

Bent bare beneath a ruthless sun.

That Banner, which is now the type  
Of victory on field and flood—  
Remember, its first crimson stripe  
Was dyed by Attueks' willing blood.

And never yet has come the cry—  
When that fair flag has been assailed—  
For men to do, for men to die,  
That we have faltered or have failed.

We've helped to bear it, rent and torn,  
Through many a hot-breath'd battle  
breeze;

Held in our hands, it has been borne  
And planted far across the seas.

And, never yet, O haughty Land—  
Let us, at least, for this be praised—  
Has one black, treason-guided hand  
Ever against that flag been raised.

Then should we speak but servile words,  
Or shall we hang our heads in shame?  
Stand back of new-come foreign hordes,  
And fear our heritage to claim?

No! Stand erect and without fear,  
And for our foes let this suffice—  
We've bought a rightful sonship here,  
And we have more than paid the price.

And yet, my brothers, well I know  
The tethered feet, the plioned wings,  
The spirit bowed beneath the blow,  
The heart grown faint from wounds  
and stings;

The staggering force of brutish might,  
That strikes and leaves us stunned and  
dazed;

The long, vain waiting through the night  
To hear some voice for justice raised.

Full well I know the hour when hope  
Sinks dead, and 'round us everywhere  
Hangs stifling darkness, and we grope  
With hands uplifted in despair.

Courage! Look out, beyond, and see  
The far horizon's beckoning span!  
Faith in your God-known destiny!  
We are a part of some great plan.

Because the tongues of Garrison  
And Phillips now are cold in death,  
Think you their work can be undone?  
Or quenched the fires lit by their  
breath?

Think you that John Brown's spirit stops?  
That Lovejoy was but idly slain?  
Or do you think those precious drops  
From Lincoln's heart were shed in  
vain?

That for which millions prayed and  
sighed,

That for which tens of thousands  
fought,

For which so many freely died,  
God cannot let it come to naught.

JAMES W. JOHNSON.



Philander Johnson

THE HERO (Abraham Lincoln)

"The sound of sorrow still  
reverberates"

PHILANDER  
JOHNSON

# POEMS

A selection of his poems that ap-  
peared in the Washington Evening  
Star with additional poems from his  
writings.

RUFUS H. DARBY PRINTING CO.  
WASHINGTON, DC

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MARY ADAMS JOHNSON

THE HERO  
(ABRAHAM LINCOLN)

The sound of sorrow still reverberates  
As if the world were one great tolling bell  
And everywhere a moving throng awaits  
In reverence as it hears the solemn knell.

The babel ceases for a little while  
And every language that mankind has known  
Is hushed in mouths of innocence or guile  
It is a time for thought and thought alone.

He toiled for happiness and for repose  
To ease the paths that other men must tread,  
But for himself the weary way he chose  
Lit by the stars eternal overhead.

The din again will rise—and every land  
Will name him and weave words of subtle art  
And be perplexed—for few can understand  
The beating of a bold and generous heart.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

The clown stood humbly as he viewed  
The reverent emblems on display  
Mid tributes of our gratitude  
To Lincoln on this honored day.

"He loved mankind with gentle zest,"  
Quoth he. "Life would be more worthwhile,  
If I could but have framed a jest  
That might be worthy of his smile."

Johnson, Philander

Lincoln's Birthday

"The clown stood humbly as he viewed"

---

SHOOTING STARS.

*Shooting Stars - 2-12-35*  
BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.

Lincoln's Birthday.

The clown stood humbly as he viewed

The reverent emblems on display

Mid tributes of our gratitude

To Lincoln on this honored day.

"He loved mankind with gentle zest,"

Quoth he. "Life would be more  
worthwhile

If I could but have framed a jest

That might be worthy of his smile."

---



Johnston, James N.

Abraham Lincoln

"Bear him to his Western  
home,"

Bear him to his Western home,  
Whence he came four years ago;  
Not beneath some Eastern dome,  
But where Freedom's airs may come,  
Where the prairie grasses grow,  
To the friends who loved him so.

Take him to his quiet rest;  
Toll the bell and fire the gun;  
He who served his coutry best,  
He whom millions loved and bless'd,  
Now has fame immortal won;  
Rack of brain and heart is done.

Shed thy tears, O, April rain,  
O'er the tomb wherein he sleeps!  
Wash away the bloody stain!  
Drape the skies in grief, O, rain!  
Lo! a nation with thee weeps,  
Grieving o'er her martyred slain.

To the people whence he came,  
Bear him gently back again.  
Greater his than victor's fame;  
His is now a sainted name;  
Never ruler had such gain -  
Never people had such pain.

**Abraham Lincoln.**

APRIL, 1865.

[This poem, by James N. Johnston, editor of The Poets and Poetry of Buffalo and author of Donegal Memories, was published anonymously in The Express at the time that Lincoln's body arrived in Buffalo on its way to its Illinois tomb.]

Bear him to his Western home,  
Whence he came four years ago;  
Not beneath some Eastern dome,  
But where Freedom's airs may come,  
Where the prairie grasses grow,  
To the friends who loved him so.

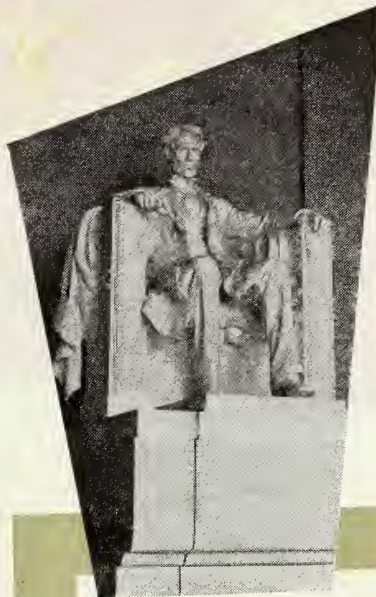
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Greater his than victor's fame;  
His is now a sainted name;  
Never ruler had such gain—  
Never people had such pain.

"He Was a Little Taller"

"His noble form sits high above the stone"



# HE WAS A LITTLE TALLER

His noble form sits high above the stone  
Where thousands come to look, in groups, alone.  
Here is the hero of the common man,  
The statesman brave who knew not race or clan.

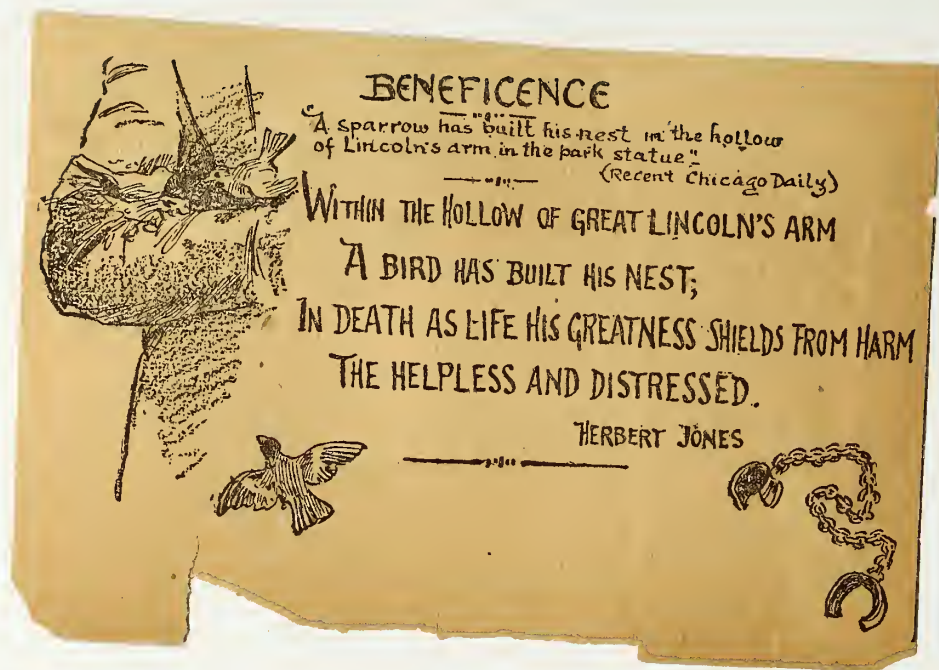
Our nation's highest office did not make  
Him less attentive to the poor who spake  
In language that he understood so well  
Because he, too, of humble days could tell.

This man was everybody, one confessed,  
Just grown a little taller than the rest.  
Perhaps he towered in soul, as well as frame,  
Because he knew the little man by name.

For freedom knows not rich or great or small;  
Not for the many only, but for all.  
Eternal God, give us on earth today  
More men who know, like Lincoln, freedom's way.

BY JAMES JOINER





The Survey

April 10, 1915

A LINCOLN LEGEND

By CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

*"The farmers in central Illinois claim that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died."—From Nicolay and Hay's Life of Abraham Lincoln.*

JUST fifty years ago today  
The brown thrush checked its liquid song! How could  
It trill its roundelay when one who loved  
All helpless things lay mute and cold! When hands  
Which oft had raised the fallen fledglings up  
And placed them gently back in their home nest  
Were smitten down,—forever stilled! Not for  
A year, the legends say, did throistles sing  
Again. Then o'er the hushed and mourning world  
They poured their carols forth once more,—as though  
Rejoicing that the spirit-dawn, for which  
Their comrade hourly prayed, had broken o'er  
The stricken earth. Time's healing touch but more  
Endeared that tender, all-compassionate heart  
Whose deathless fame is now become world wide,—  
As universal as the air, as high  
And deeply rooted as the rugged hills.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—DIED APRIL 15, 1865.  
SEMICENTENARY OF HIS DEATH, APRIL 15, 1915.

Jordan, Clara

Lincoln

"He was a gaunt man"

**Lincoln**

He was a gaunt man  
And homely,  
And he saw life's better side.  
He was a good man,  
With beauty  
On the wrong side of his hide.

—CLARA JORDAN.

\* \* \*



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A is for All that helped make up the man  
Who was moulded according to God's perfect plan.

B for the wonderful Brain he possessed,  
Also Benevolence, oft put to the test.

R for the Right he would always uphold  
With Judgment that could not be bought nor sold.

A for the Ardor he put in his work,  
Whatever the task he was ne'er known to shirk.

H for the Heart that was honest and true,  
Overflowing with kindness toward all that he knew.

A for the Anguish, he oft did endure  
When he thought of the evils no mortal could cure.

M for the Martyr, none greater than he,  
Who believed that all men should be equal and free.

L for the Loyalty to foe and to friend,  
Also Love for his country unto his life's end.

I for Integrity which marked his career.  
And the lofty Ideals that he held so dear.

N for the Nation which still mourns for him,  
Whose name in their mem'ry will never grow dim.

C for the Courage which never would fail  
Though trials and troubles his path did assail.

O for his Origin, poor and obscure,  
And the many Ordeals he was forced to endure.

L for the Life that was brief, yet so great,  
Full of humor and pathos, we love to relate.

N is the Name I have spelled for you here  
Which our country will ever proclaim and revere.

—KATIE JESSEL JOSEPH.  
*In Life With The Lincoln*

